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FAIR MT. STERLING.

The Gate City Looks East to God's
Grand Mountains and West to
the Bluegrass.

As Seen By W. J. Lampton, the
Correspondent of the Cou-
rier Journal.

He Says, "Twixt the Bluegrass and the Knobs It Is
Sngly Situated—It Puts On 'Big City' Aims and
Has Good Grounds For Doing So.

ITS HEALTH, WEALTH, SOCIETY AND GEN-
ERAL CONDITIONS OF THE AL TYPE
—A BACHELOR'S HAVEN."

A TALE WELL TOLD.

Standing with expectant feet,
Where the Knobs and Bluegrass meet,
Fair Mt. Sterling, fixed between,
Hopes one day to reign as Queen.

The fact of the business is that the Mt. Sterling people, looking to the west over the Bluegrass, and to the east over the Knobs, have an idea that their town is already boss of the whole shebang, and a few lines of poetry, similar to the above, will only make them smile and point the finger of scorn at the poet. They talk that way anyhow, and they have a hostling spirit which may yet surmount the insurmountable.

Mt. Sterling, or, as Historian Collins calls it, Mountstirling, is the county seat of Montgomery county, and Montgomery county is one of the half-way counties, that is to say, when you are there you are half-way to the Bluegrass and half-way to the Knobs.

Montgomery, the twenty-second in the order of counties, was formed out of Clark in 1796, and since that time portions of it have been grafted onto eighteen other counties, so that what is left of it is "like, but oh, my." It was named in honor of Gen. Richard Montgomery, who was killed at the battle of Quebec in 1775.

Mt. Sterling became a town in 1792, and was named, according to Mr. Collins, from Mr. Stirling, who owned the land on which it was built, but according to good local authority, it was called Mount, because it was near Little Mountain, the site of "Etil's Defeat," and Sterling, because an old Scotsman, who was present at the time of its birth, wanted to do honor to his native town of Stirling, and nobody knew that that Stirling spelled its name with an i. The reader may take his choice.

The town, I beg pardon, the city, contains a population of 5,000, though several authorities intimated to me that it was 8,000, and one man whom I asked answered in a haughty and insolent manner, like a Chicago man: "Oh, I reckon about 12,000 or 15,000." Right here you may set it down that there is nothing small about Mt. Sterling.

Of its population, nobody could say how much was colored, for the gentle gerrymander has got most of that element outside of the city limits so as not to clutter up the polling places at election times. This is a wise precaution in communities where the vote is close.

The public school is housed in a handsome new building costing \$18,000 and commandingly situated. The principal is Mrs. Nannie Hibler, at a salary of \$75 a month, with eight assistants at \$50 and \$40 a month, and 700 scholars enrolled. In addition to this school is another to accommodate the 1,500 white residents of the outskirts. Its principal is Miss Burroughs, with three assistants.

The colored schools have 731 pupils enrolled. J. S. Estill is the principal, with eight assistants, at an average

salary of \$50 each.

The private school flourishes in its prime glow; besides the smaller schools, there are the Kentucky Training School for Boys, with Major Fowler as principal; the Harris Institute and Emerson Institute for Girls, and Goodwin's High School for Boys. Education simply grows on the trees in Mt. Sterling.

The sects are well represented in church buildings, but there isn't a really handsome church in the town. Several of them have mostly gone to decay. The Presbyterians (N and S.) have two churches, one, the First, a quaint old structure, will have reached its hundredth year in 1955; the Christians, Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians and Catholics have one each. The Catholics is the best building of that denomination I have yet seen. The Methodists have the best looking church, the Christians the most expensive (\$16,000), and the Christians are the most numerous and the richest, notwithstanding we have it that a rich man cannot enter the Kingdom of heaven. Pastoral salaries range from \$1,000 to \$1,500 per annum, and the Christians, Methodists and Episcopalians own their own parsonages, but Episcopalians rent theirs, as they are not able to maintain a pastor regularly.

The colored people have three churches, Baptist, Methodist and Christian, the latter two of brick, and the Methodist church, which has recently had \$2,000 spent on it in improvements, is the most attractive looking church building of them all. Financially speaking, all the Mt. Sterling churches are out of debt.

The city government is conducted by a Mayor (Adam Baum), at a salary of \$100 a year, and eight Councilmen at \$50 a year each.

And here a word for the Mayor. He was born in Germany, an unusual thing for a man who holds office in Kentucky; he is a Democrat, an unusual thing for a German; he is rich, which is not usual for his thrifty people; and he began his career as a merchant in Mt. Sterling with a pack on his back. It is men like Mayor Baum we need in Kentucky, and his career is an example to every young fellow now growing up in the State. The Chief of Police is C. T. Wilson, with \$600 a year and fees, and he has four men of \$50 a month each, with an extra dollar for every arrest made, and there are several made during the course of a year, for Mt. Sterling is like the little girl we read of in the poem:

"When she is good, she is very good, indeed,
But when she is bad, she is horrid."

Of course, Mt. Sterling never is "horrid," but that's the way the poem goes.

The Police Judge is Ben R. Turner, at \$900 a year and fees, and the City Attorney is H. Clay McKee at \$900. The reader will observe that Bro. McKee parts his name in the middle; his hair is parted that way also, but

he doesn't do it.

The city tax is seventy-five cents, with thirty cents additional for schools, and the county and State amount to \$1, which gives Mt. Sterling the lead of her sister towns on taxes, but it will be less after this year, so they told me.

The Fire Department consists of two fine steam engines with volunteer companies and a chief (J. L. Conroy). The men are paid when on duty.

Speaking of Fire Departments reminds me of water works, and Mt. Sterling just at present is laying for somebody with a club on the water works question. The works were to have been in operation by the 25th of October, but that date passed without them. As the field now stands the water is to come from Hinkston river, quite near town, where there is a seven-acre reservoir with a twenty-five acre reservoir in reserve, as it were; a stand-pipe, to be 125 feet high has its foundation on the hill near town, and the city will take seventy-five plugs at \$50 each for the first fifty and \$40 for all additional.

At present the city's water supply comes from cisterns, more than from wells. I mean by that, the people have got onto the fact that well water is not the kind of water to drink, and they have made cisterns for themselves, and every town in the State ought to go and do likewise before typhoid fever becomes a permanent resident in its midst, so to speak.

The Montgomery County Court House has the blue ribbon on good looks. It stands high to itself, and as it was finished only in 1890, it has all the modern conveniences, including

replace one burned during the war in one of the districts that occurred in the town. I presume it is hardly necessary for me to state that there is a clock in the tower. The material in the building is pressed brick and stone. The jail and jailer's residence are just across the street from the Court House. The residence part cost \$8,000 and the jail cost \$12,000. It is of Roman freestone, and has a wall around it that is built on the hill near town with forty blocks in its ramp.

Mt. Sterling is rich in lawyers, though the lawyers may not be rich.

One of the distinguished citizens who showed me over the grounds, told me the name of the cemetery was "Mt. Pleasant," and was of Irish descent, and when I told him I thought it was "doubtful and doubtful," he looked serious and remarked: "Of course, of course; isn't Dublin the capital of Ireland?" and then I had to say more to say, but I hope he will look the matter up in General's P.S.—General's is a book in the Bible.

There is no Y. M. C. A. in town, though there used to be and ought to be now. Why it made an assignment I was not informed.

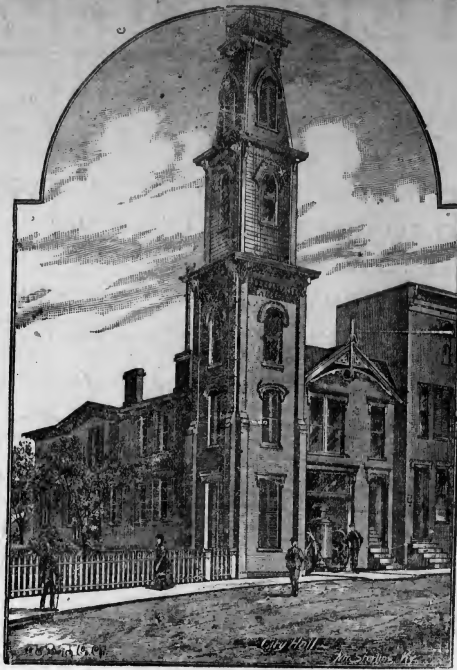
There is an Associated Charities, which does a great deal of good in a quiet way. Its President is Wm. Mitchell, one time President of the late Farmers Bank, and now a poor man. Mr. Mitchell's charities were unostentatious but extensive, and he gave to the deserving as much as \$45,000.

There is in Mt. Sterling what is not in most towns of this section, to-wit: a city building, in which the City Court



PUBLIC GRADED SCHOOL BUILDING.

in Mt. Sterling, and a careful comparison shows that there are forty at the Montgomery county bar. Think of a town of 5,000 people with forty lawyers! Can any other town in the State make such a showing? Still stranger, they all make a living at it, and seem to be pretty well satisfied. The cause of this is that they practice over most of the mountain counties to the east, and have plenty to do. The oldest attorney is Judge B. J. Peters, ex-Chief Justice, and on the bench for sixteen years, who at eighty-nine goes to his office every day. He is the oldest practicing attorney in the State,



CITY HALL.

is the librarian.

Among the lodges are the Masons, Odd Fellows, K. of P. and the Y. M. I., a Catholic organization. The Odd Fellows own their own building, and the Masons built themselves a temple costing \$32,000, but somehow they over-financed themselves and could not retain possession of it.

The business houses are on Main and Mayaville streets, and they are the best business houses I have seen outside of the large cities. Not content with brick, these merchants have built handsome stone-front houses that are worthy of a place anywhere. The Tyler & Apperson four-story stone front looks the list. It cost \$30,000, has steam heat and electric light and will have an elevator when the water works are completed. Then there are the buildings of Drake & Biggers, Odd Fellows, Bann, T. P. Martin, the building occupied by Sutton & Smith, and the Masonic Temple. The stone is a light gray from Rowan county, and cost about what brick does. At least, when they were adding on all to the hotel the brick gave out and they finished it in massive stone that looks like a fortress, but it only shows from the back.



TYLER-APPERTON BLOCK.

The business streets, Main and Mayaville, are sixty and fifty feet wide, and when the visitor walks up from the street to Main street he is greeted with a city smell that not one small town in a thousand has. It is an indescribable sort of an order, but it smells of commerce and trade, and any one who has ever been in the narrow streets of a great commercial city will recognize it at once. Be that what it is, Mt. Sterling has a big wholesale trade with the mountains, and has had for years. There are four wholesale groceries, one grocery and whiskey and two which do considerable juggling in dry goods and drugs. One of these houses has, I am informed, sold as much as \$500,000 worth in one year. I may add here that more of the wealthy men have made their money merchandising than in any other Bluegrass town. The town grows over its trade, too, and promises itself great things for the future.

The manufacturing interests are represented by a saw plant, two planing mills, a hogshod factory, two flour mills, a wooden mill, two machine shops, two carriage factories, a steam laundry, and the Newmarket



RESIDENCE T. K. BARNES.

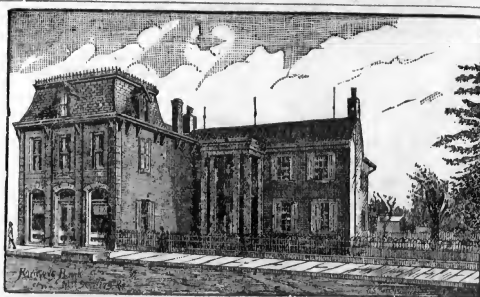
distillery with a capacity of 200 barrels a day, enough to keep the police busy for two hundred years, if it kept going all the time.

Gas and electricity are the illuminants, but the city uses no gas on the streets. The people use it at \$2.50 a thousand and 20 per cent. discount if paid promptly. The city has \$2,000 a year for its arc and incandescent lights, both of which are required to light up the burg the way they want it lighted.

There is one hotel, and from a brief inspection I should say it was above the average. In any event, it is so far superior to what the town had once before when I visited it, that I may safely say it is first-class.

There are three banks, one national, with a combined capital of \$350,000, and they are doing a lot better than some banks have done in the same neighborhood.

The residences are good and substantial, without being elegant and elaborate. The best of them run along in cost from \$10,000 to \$15,000,



FARMERS' BANK.

fire-proof vaults and a handsome court-room. The remarkable part of it is that it only cost \$26,000—that is, it only cost the county that much. What it cost the contractor has never been stated. Builders say such a structure could not be erected for less than \$60,000. This Court House was built to replace one, too small for the business, which was built in 1865 to

and possibly in the entire country. The health of the town is reported good, although there are fifteen white and two colored doctors, a large number having left any other town I have investigated.

Out on the hill, to the east, is the cemetery, owned by the Odd Fellows, and called Macphail. From its highest point, looking toward the rising

is held; also cells for transient guests of the police, a fire engine room and the rooms of the city library. Right here let me say this library is the kind all towns ought to have. It contains several thousand volumes, is well patronized, and the city appropriates \$200 a year for the purchase of new books. What other town can say as much for itself? Mrs. Cassie Redmon

and I was told of one that cost \$25,000, but I didn't see it. The brick used in Mt. Sterling are not the smoothest and best in the world, and as all the residences are built of them, I would suggest that an outward application of a light gray paint on red would very materially improve the looks of things.

The artificial stone sidewalk has not reached Mt. Sterling in any quantity yet, but there is some natural stone, and room for a good deal more.

Clubs are numerous. The Commercial Club, for business purposes exclusively, has a \$15,000 building owned by the individuals composing it. The Controversial Club is a debating club composed of choice young men. The Straw Bed Fishing Club catches fish, when it can't buy them, and tells the truth with some irregularity; the Sterling Hunting Club owns its grounds on State creek; the Mt. Sterling Gun Club does some shooting, with more or less accuracy, and in connection there are the Montgomerie and the Sterling Hall Clubs—not base or foot ball, but light-athletic-hall.

Which latter introduces me into society, or rather the subject of society



STORE ROOM J. M. ISOLA.

Society, there is plenty of life, and the youth and beauty element never grow weary. I asked about the pretty girls, and right away nineteen young men spoke up and with one voice said I hadn't enough poetry in my entire machine to tell how beautiful and lovely they were. For half a cent I'll show those fellows what I could do in that line I tried, but I guess I won't. I may get into some other town where there are also pretty girls.

There are no millionaires, but the half is preached, and there are about a dozen who can show down a hundred thousand or more. N. B.—Bret Hedden, of the Advocate, is a millionaire on the deal quiet. He asked me not to mention it, as the man who had given him a barrel of beer and some cord wood for winter consumption might want to take it back again. I always respect the wishes of the wealthy.



METHODIST CHURCH.

There are seven saloons paying \$500 a year each into the city, and there are no cabarets on them.

Notwithstanding Van Antwerp, the State champion, is a Mt. Sterlingian, it is eleven to one he is not fully developed, but he is after it is more fully developed, or wants to that effect. Even at this early stage, however, the ladies have taken to them, and wherever a woman is there will a man be

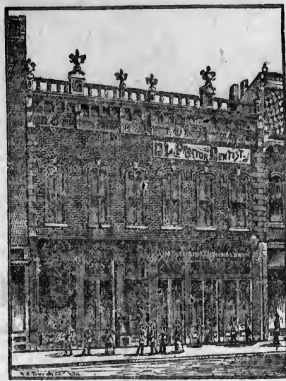
also. P. S.—And vice versa, which is, however, not what I'm here to talk about.

The county has about 125 miles pike, counting several miles which are not yet ready for the toll-gate. With as many good roads as this section has, and with tolls as high as they are, the bicycle is bound to get a wheel hold.

There are two railroads to do the transporting business, and the one that goes any place, is the "Pietraque C. & O.," leading west to Louisville and Cincinnati, and east to the whole wide world, via Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

There are four big tobacco warehouses, and this is the banner shipping point for white burley.

Cows are not allowed on the streets, though now and then one strays over from Winchester and is apprehended,



MT. STERLING NATIONAL BANK BLOCK.

The other is the Kentucky & South Atlantic, a narrow gauge, twenty-two miles in length, terminating at the mountains at Rothwell. I am told that it has a feeder at Rothwell, which climbs the hill and goes anywhere that a fox can. I believe a fox can't climb a tree. If it can, so can this little mountain road.

The passenger station is a very good one, palatial in the usual C. & O. yellow.

The town gets its fuel (coal) from Menefee county, and from Moran and Carter, and pays eleven to twelve and a half cents a bushel for it. Within fifty miles of Mt. Sterling in Morgan county, are said to be the finest coal fields in the world. The coal lies in the creek beds so near the surface that the natives prize it with fence rails and haul it home in wagons and wheelbarrows, whenever they get short of fire. The coal is so rich that it may be lighted with a match, and will burn with a clear, steady flame until consumed. I was told this by a man who does not own

yards or two other wells have been sunk and gas found in both. There the matter stands. That gas isn't going to come up to the surface of its own free will and accord, merely to accommodate Mt. Sterling, and if the town wants it, it will have to dig for it.

Which reminds me of this: If people want to get there, People have got to try; The pig, little pig, Root hog, or die.

There are four big tobacco warehouses, and this is the banner shipping point for white burley.

Cows are not allowed on the streets, though now and then one strays over from Winchester and is apprehended,

each, say 115 miles. The merchants sell about \$2,500,000 worth of goods per annum, which is doing pretty well for a bluegrass town. If any other does as much Mt. Sterling wants to know where it is situated.

The Courier-Journal is the favorite in readers' pious. Mr. Sterling is a city of Judges and for thirty-two years she has had a Judge on the State bench, Judge Hazzelrigg of the Court of Appeals, being the present representative. Then there are Judge Peck, ex-Chief Justice, and for sixteen years on the bench, and Judge W. H. Holt and the late Judges Held and Young of the Superior Court, besides a whole host of Judges of lower courts—and other things. Other distinguished citizens are ex-Senator "Cero Gordo" Williams, who needs no introduction and who is as young today as ever he was. Col. Tom Turner, ex-member of Congress; Col. Thos. Johnson, ex-State Senator, and ex-member of the Confederate Congress, now eighty-three years old; the Judges Apperson, (father and son), and Judge C. H. Brooks, at present District Attorney of Oklahoma.

The first Railroad came in 1872, and in 1884 it was extended eastward to the sea.

Mt. Sterling had a right lively war record and fights were frequent in her midst. In one battle 200 men were killed, and on Cemetery Hill are the remains of a Federal fort, now used as a colored camp-meeting resort. The fighting record has not yet been entirely blotted out, and every now and then somebody dies in the town with his boots on.

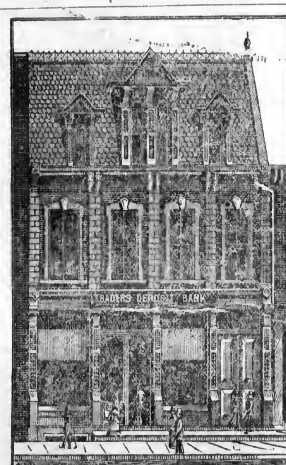
Thinking of the state of affairs, I said to a prominent citizen:

"Some one told me if I wanted to come to a tough town, Mt. Sterling was the place."

In a loose condition. The postoffice has just got into a new and handsome building, built for it, not by Uncle Sam, but by Judge McKee, and the Judge thinks it is the nicest postoffice in any competing town. I believe so myself.

This is one of the biggest cattle markets in the State and last county day it was estimated that there were 4,000 head in town, with about 2,000 head of other stock, and buyers from all parts of the State. Cattle are no longer sold on the streets, but are taken to the cattle pens on the edge of town. Some of the cattle are from the mountains, but the majority are not, and Montgomery as a Shorthorn county is at the front. The leading Shorthorn men are Biggs, Hamilton and Anderson. In the prime days of the Shorthorn there were more of the Bays family represented in the county than anywhere else in the world.

Horses are not low in Montgomery either, with Edly, half sister to Nance Hank, Delie Wilkes and other good ones owned here. Among the horse



MERCHANTS' DEPOSIT BANK.

any land in Morgan county. Camel coal sells in Mt. Sterling at seventeen cents a bushel.

It is believed in Mt. Sterling that the town lies in the natural gas belt. Whether it does or not, Mayor Baum has a well in the back yard at his store on Main street, which gives him gas enough to run several burners and a stove, though somewhat irregularly. He only went down about six hundred feet, and most of the gas well of other regions are double that distance and more. He found oil also, and salt. Within a few hundred

men are Fitzpatrick, Woodford, White, Riddle, Herriot, McGowan and Bean Brothers.

Thoroughbred hogs and sheep are the kind of hogs and sheep they have. The opera-house, called the "Grand," cost \$25,000, and is a handsome building, with an auditorium seating 600 people. It is artistically decorated, and shows are fairly well patronized. The merchants do much of their buying direct from Eastern importers, the balance of the trade goes to Louisville and Cincinnati about equally, this point being equidistant from

each, say 115 miles. The merchants sell about \$2,500,000 worth of goods per annum, which is doing pretty well for a bluegrass town. If any other does as much Mt. Sterling wants to know where it is situated.

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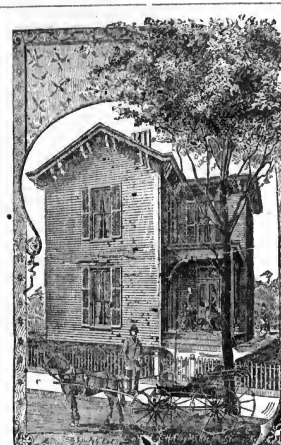
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JUDGE H. CLAY MCKEE'S RESIDENCE.

"It's nothing of the sort," he responded promptly; "it's as fine a town as they make them. Who was the son of a gun that said it? You bet he couldn't say it here and get out alive."

Of course he was joking, but just the same, Mt. Sterling's fighting reputation needs remodeling and modernizing.

There are two army posts, Federal and Confederate, and they are on very amicable terms.

The City Assessor is Col. Jim Tipton, and the Col. is a man who stands ready at a moment's notice to boost his town to the top of the famous Mt. Olympus, too, which is unnecessary in business.

A city telephone is in sight, but not yet in sound.

A tremendous feature in Mt. Sterling is journalism, with five weekly papers and one daily in the field. The weeklies in the order of age are: Sentinel Democrat, W. T. Havens owner; Spiller's Times, editor, Democratic; and at \$1 per year; tri-weekly, incorporated Ben Hall editor, \$1 a year; Advocate, Dr. C. W. Harris and J. W. Holden editors and proprietors, Democratic, at a dollar a year; Journal, L. T. Wood editor, Independent, seventy-five cents a year, though I don't see how a paper can be very independent at that price; Times, owned by a company, with S. S. Cassidy editor, Democratic, and \$1, and the latest born, an October kid, the Evening News, with F. W. Bassett and Hoffman Wood as editors. The Advocate and the Gazette are the only two using steam presses. How rich they are getting I cannot say, but I

on or has come on, and a lot more things of that kind, yet is simple-minded and doesn't know a letter or a figure.

No street-car line discards or blocks the municipal landscape, but they are trying to get an Electric line from Sharpburg and Indian fields, and use one end of it for street purposes. Mr. Sterling wants to get some kind of a connection with the K. Y. R. R. leading to the mountains. Why she doesn't have it now is owing to—however, the subject is altogether too long to take a labor in a frivolous manner. Let us weep.

My, my, I almost forgot the eligible bachelors. The town is full of them, with more in the county if the supply runs out, or runs away. For instance, look at this roster of real bachelors: Ed Mitchell, W. H. Dohman, Jim White, Bob Hozz, W. H. Hamilton, "Baldy" Pizer, Col. Hurt, Walter Chennault, Aus. Chennault, Jota Batts and Dr. Penn White.

Well, I shall smile! Look at them, with all their waning eyes. Some know them but to prize.

There is a green-house, having 4,000 feet of glass, and shipping its product in all points East and West.

Mr. Sterling hasn't a great deal of industrial history, but it has a lot of prehistoric remains of the mound-builders, which I am competent to indicate.

The first brick house in town, built over a hundred years ago by Mr. Bob Spratt, is still standing.

Once thought Paris was the largest town for its size in the bluegrass, and I have changed now to Mt. Sterling.

There is a class in physical culture by Dr. Van Antwerp and Miss Chiles, but no lugging is permitted.

The typewriter and the typewriter girl abound, and a careful computation of the machines in use developed twenty-four, but not until I had informed the committee that there were twenty-nine in Harrisonburg.

Mr. Sterling is average on pleasure carriages.

One of the finest residences, the Kirkpatrick mansion, represents five years' profits in the tobacco business.

The latest legal hanging occurred in 1894, and the latest illegal one in 1892. There are a dozen men in town over eighty.

In the line of beauty, there are ten handsomest men: Editor Hedden, Judge McKee and Jim Tipton are three of them, and Dr. Harris and Will Hamilton are the other seven.

One Building and Loan Association (local) flourishes, and several are represented.

A queer product is Life Moxley (one-half foot and the other half foot," as one man put it), a minute about thirty years old, who can work any mathematical problem on the spot, can tell the time of day, what day of the week any day of the month will come

Somewhere when one stands at the corner of Mayville and Main streets, and doesn't know any better, he feels like he is in the great metropolis," as the mountaineers say.

I desire to extend my thanks to the triumvirate composed of Hedden, Tipton and McKee, with McKee's clarinet and charger on the side. Without them Mt. Sterling would have been a desert, including a few oases, like Harris, Hamilton and a few others.

Let this much suffice concerning these matters, and now the benediction: Standing with reluctant feet, Where bluegrass and the pea-vine meet, I neither will nor do not know If I would better stay or go.

Still, go I must; I cannot stay, And yet "farewell" I will not say, But for that word, so full of pain, Let's substitute "And welcome!"

W. J. LAMPTON.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious look, if your Stomach be disordered you have a Dyspeptic look, and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alternative and Purifier acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blisters, Bells and gives a good complexion. Sold at W. S. Lloyd's Drug Store, 50c per bottle.

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No street-car line discards or blocks the municipal landscape, but they are trying to get an Electric line from Sharpburg and Indian fields, and use one end of it for street purposes. Mr. Sterling wants to get some kind of a connection with the K. Y. R. R. leading to the mountains. Why she doesn't have it now is owing to—however, the subject is altogether too long to take a labor in a frivolous manner. Let us weep.

My, my, I almost forgot the eligible bachelors. The town is full of them, with more in the county if the supply runs out, or runs away. For instance, look at this roster of real bachelors: Ed Mitchell, W. H. Dohman, Jim White, Bob Hozz, W. H. Hamilton, "Baldy" Pizer, Col. Hurt, Walter Chennault, Aus. Chennault, Jota Batts and Dr. Penn White.

Well, I shall smile! Look at them, with all their waning eyes. Some know them but to prize.

There is a green-house, having 4,000 feet of glass, and shipping its product in all points East and West.

Mr. Sterling hasn't a great deal of industrial history, but it has a lot of prehistoric remains of the mound-builders, which I am competent to indicate.

The first brick house in town, built over a hundred years ago by Mr. Bob Spratt, is still standing.

Once thought Paris was the largest town for its size in the bluegrass, and I have changed now to Mt. Sterling.

There is a class in physical culture by Dr. Van Antwerp and Miss Chiles, but no lugging is permitted.

The typewriter and the typewriter girl abound, and a careful computation of the machines in use developed twenty-four, but not until I had informed the committee that there were twenty-nine in Harrisonburg.

Mr. Sterling is average on pleasure carriages.

One of the finest residences, the Kirkpatrick mansion, represents five years' profits in the tobacco business.

The latest legal hanging occurred in 1894, and the latest illegal one in 1892. There are a dozen men in town over eighty.

In the line of beauty, there are ten handsomest men: Editor Hedden, Judge McKee and Jim Tipton are three of them, and Dr. Harris and Will Hamilton are the other seven.

One Building and Loan Association (local) flourishes, and several are represented.

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SHOES.
HOME MADE TO ORDER.
BEST STOCK AND ANY STYLE DESIRED.
Best City, pegged to fit the foot. \$4.00
Best City, hand sewed. \$5.00
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ADVOCATE PUBLISHING COMPANY Tuesday, November 13, 1894. ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Railroad Commissioner.
We are authorized to announce John C. Wood as a candidate for Railroad Commissioner, for the Eastern District of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Republican party.

What struck us?
McMahon has a job.
Was it an avalanche?
It is Judge E. C. O'Leary.
Kirk, the Court House is yours.
The earth has gone Republican.
We tip our hat to you, Judge O'Leary.

The Eagle flies over all. The Rooster has slunk out of sight.

"The Dem crats did it," say the Republicans. What kind of Democrats?

The Ed C. O'Leary-Kirk Co., Limited, will do business at the Court House for the next three years.

The only bitter drop in the cup the Republicans are lifting to their lips, is that they didn't put out a full county ticket.

There must have been a Contrary Club with a large membership here as well as in Louisville, judging from the result of Tuesday's vote.

"Of all sat words of tongue or pen the saddest are these, 'It might have been.' " "Why didn't we run a full ticket," moan the Republicans.

A Republican said of the victory won last Tuesday: "It is all right for the Democrats to vote with us, but I am a Republican and will never scratch my ticket."

We do not know who of the Democratic voters scratched the ticket nor do we want to know. It would be better for the conscience of the scratcher if he could think no one knows.

They say the Advocate did it. Journal.

Thank you. The Advocate is glad to know that some other folks have found out that it can do something. It is better to be, than not to be.

Six years ago when Clark county made such a large mistake, a local wag said, "The Republicans had lost everything but the Clark county," now to say "The Republicans have given the Democrats 1-2, lost Clark and scooped up the balance of the county."

Let The Dead Past Bury Its Dead.

The battle of the ballots is over and the Democracy of Montgomery County is gone down in most disastrous defeat. The people have spoken and we must, whether we like it or no, accept their decision. It is final, and it is the part of every good citizen to accept that verdict with the best possible grace. So far as the Advocate is concerned it fought the candidates of the Republican party the very best it knew how. If the conflict was to be waged over again and we knew the result would be what it is, we would oppose them as vigorously as we did in the weeks that are past. We repeat we put up the best fight we knew how and have no apologies to offer to anyone for what we said or did. But Tuesday afternoon when the polls closed and in cheerful, if not too noisy, we accept the result. It is the duty of all good citizens to uphold the laws of the officials whom they have elected, and to aid them so far as they can, in the administration of the affairs of their several offices. The will of the people is and should be supreme. A government for the people and by the people is a cardinal article of Democratic faith and it is true Democrats we will exemplify it in our conduct toward the men whom the people of the county have elected to office. The campaign is well over and we are heartily glad of it. Now let us to business, and each one of us, Democrat and Republican, do what we can to further the business interests of our town and county.

In another column will be found an article relative to our beautiful little city, written for the Courier-Journal by the talented W. J. Lantion, which we have been at some pains to reproduce; read it, and when he visits our town after another fifteen years absence, let us be able to show a much more marked improvement than the past fifteen years, which intervened between his visits, exhibited to him.

THE COUNTY.

Four Republicans Elected on the Ticket.

Not One of the Democrats Who Had Opposition Get In.

WE WERE DONE UP.

In last Tuesday's election the following gentlemen were elected:

E. C. O'Leary (Rep.), Co. Judge.
G. L. Kirkpatrick (Rep.), Co. Clerk.
A. A. Hazlett (Dem.), Co. Atty.
Wm. Stedd (Dem.), Sheriff.
Allen McCormick (Dem.), Assessor.
J. M. Oliver (Dem.), Surveyor.
J. W. Chenault (Dem.), Jailor.
Geo. C. Eastin (Dem.), Coroner.
H. C. Howell, Magistrate District No. 1.

J. W. Morris, Magistrate Dis. No. 2.
J. B. Crooks, Magistrate Dis. No. 3.
John Trimble, Magistrate Dis. No. 4.
Wallace McMahon (Rep.), Constable Dis. No. 1.

J. C. Gibson, Constable Dis. No. 2.
Bob Carter (Rep.), Constable Dis. No. 3.

R. Chambers, Constable Dis. No. 4.
It will be noticed that the Republicans elected two Constables, McMahon in District No. 1 (Mt. Sterling), and Bob Carter in District No. 3.

The fact is they got all they went for so far as this county is concerned.

A Word of Warning.

The result of the election in this county last Tuesday was so stunning a surprise to many that they have not yet recovered their equilibrium. The fact that a great many Democrats voted the Republican ticket is cause of wide-spread chagrin, and in some quarters deep resentment is felt. Two many are whetting their knives in order to have them in first class order for a big killing when opportunity shall offer. To add to the unpleasant state of affairs, many men who are ordinarily level headed, are listening to the glowing utterances of some irresponsible Republicans, who are going around telling what an active part this Democrat or that, took in the late campaign; how much money such and such a man contributed to their corruption fund, and so on, ad nauseum. Surely we are not a set of fools to believe all these post campaign lies, started by Republicans with the set purpose of inflaming Democrats one against another. Don't these discord sufficient in the party now? Isn't there enough to heat, without giving credence to these idle rumors about many of the best men in the county? Let all good men shut their ears to such rumors and address themselves, the rather, to bringing all elements of the party into accord again. The very trouble that has overtaken us, was without doubt occasioned by some who should have known better, lending a willing ear to baseless lies. A teaspoonful of it is worth a quart of vinegar just at this juncture, and let us one and all see that it is applied.

If "Objector" Johnna lives until March 4, 1895, he will have served in Congress thirty years. No other man, living or dead, ever sat in that body so long as he. He has been something of a "humbler" and yet he has rendered his country much valuable service. Among the slain of last Tuesday was Holman, who will be missed far more than he will be regretted.—Louisville Times.

Rev. M. M. Strickler, a native of West Virginia, now student at Georgetown college, preached at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening. He is a good preacher and his sermons were well received. It is possible that his services could be had as supply from now until next June, at which time he will be in position to take permanent work. We would be glad to see Mr. Strickler located in the Broken Association.

The Epworth League of the M. E. Church South will hold a special service in their church next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. An interesting program has been provided. The jubilee is invited.

The Chrysanthemum Show last week was beautiful and elaborate. No show of the kind ever held in Eastern Kentucky has been able to surpass it.

Mrs. Eliza Jordan will improve her business house, corner of Main and Broadway, and make it a very attractive building. Contracts have been let to George W. Moore.

THE 10TH DISTRICT.

The Official Count Gives the Election to Kendall by 104.

BECKNER'S MAJORITY OVER 700

Below we give the official figures for the Kendall-Hopkins race in the Tenth Congressional District. It will be seen that Kendall wins by 104 votes. The figures are as follows:

Counties.	Kendall.	Hopkins.
Breathitt.....	327	
Clark.....	356	
Elliott.....	364	
Floyd.....	218	
Johnson.....	186	
Kuott.....	125	
Lee.....	90	
Martin.....	364	
Magoffin.....	284	
Montgomery.....	100	
Morgan.....	440	
Menefee.....	159	
Pike.....	79	
Powell.....	96	
Wolfe.....	164	
Totals.....	2,131	2,037

Kendall's majority..... 104

Judge Beckner wins the race for the short term by a majority that reaches between 700 and 800 votes.

Mrs. E. B. Busby is visiting in Lancaster.

James Kennedy will go into the drug business at Paris.

Born, on Sunday, the 4 inst., to C. S. Ratliff and wife, a daughter—Elizabeth.

Mr. Samuel Turley's handsome frame residence on Harrison avenue is nearing completion.

The marriage of Miss Nancy B. Burbridge, of this city, to Mr. Ernest D. McCombs, of Louisville, is announced to take place Wednesday, Nov. 21.

Neckwear, handkerchiefs, fine trimmed hats, ribbons, feathers and etc. All millinery goods beautiful and of the very latest patterns call and see them at Mrs. Kate O. Clark's.

The proposition to connect all the cities around New York into one municipality carried at the late election. Greater New York" will be a wonderful city with something like 5,000,000 souls.

On Saturday at Richmond, Kentucky General C. Marcellus Clay aged 84 procured a marriage license to wed Miss Dora Richardson aged 15. Miss Richardson is an orphan whom the aged groom has been educating.

The Evening News has had a little change, Hoffman Wood having sold his interest to F. W. Bassett. F. W. Bassett is now editor and manager, and his wife, Mrs. Hattie Bassett, is Secretary and Treasurer.

Robert H. Mason and Miss Nannie E. Owens, two popular young people of the Grassy Lick neighborhood, will be married Thursday, November 22, at the home of the young lady's uncle, J. T. Donovan.

Mr. R. R. Whitsett, of this county and Miss Carrie Smith, of this city, went to Louisville, Thursday, and were quietly married. The couple, returned Saturday and are house-keeping at Mr. Whitsett's home on the Levee pike.

Mrs. Kate O. Clark has a full line of trimmed hats and persons at a distance can be suited and take their choice back with them the same day. These goods are of the latest styles, and beautiful, and are being sold cheap.

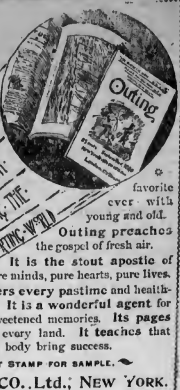
John Feehan is a thorough mechanic. He makes anything he is called on for, in the goods, in sheet iron roofing goods. He is handy and we wished a little electrolytic, that is repairing of an electrolytic and he got it up in good shape.

Snow fell here Saturday and Sunday, and yesterday morning the thermometer registered only 15 degrees above zero. On May 20 we had a snow and again on November 17; this makes us the shortest season between snow and snow the "coldest inhabitant" can recall. Only five months and twenty days.

For Sale or Exchange.
A nice piece of residence property on Harrison Avenue which for sale on easy terms. Will take as part payment on the property, four or five good horses. Inquire at this office.

Sportsmen, College-men, Athletes, Busy-men, Women, and all young- hearted folks delight in...

Outing.
In the hammock... during long summer days and about the family hearth when the north winds blow, it is a favorite ever with young and old. It is the stout apostle of pure minds, pure hearts, pure lives. It fosters every pastime and healthful exercise. It is a wonderful agent for recalling time-sweetened memories. Its pages mirror the sports of every land. It teaches that a strong mind in a strong body brings success.



THE OUTING CO. Ltd., NEW YORK.

Mr. G. L. Kirkpatrick will be county clerk after Jan. 1st and his deputy will be Charles H. Duty if he decides to accept the position which has been tendered him. Mr. Duty was a hard worker in the race just closed, was formerly one of the editors of the Gazette in which capacity he plainly spoke on Republican doctrines and the tendering of this position to Mr. Duty is a token of appreciation of the labors of a valuable party man.

Notice.

I will not be responsible for goods bought or contracts made without my written order.

JOHN W. WILSON.
October 30, 1894. 16-3t

The Lexington Fall Races.

Meeting will be held November 12 to 19th.

The Queen & Crescent Route is the short and direct line to Lexington, 4 daily trains from Cincinnati. Free Parlor Cars. One and one-third fare for round trip from Cincinnati and stations in Kentucky every day of races, good till November 21st to return.

Be sure you get tickets via the Q. & C. Chas. W. Zell, D. P. A., Cincinnati O. W. C. Rhearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
cure: Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

Notice.

To whom it may concern:

All persons having claims against the estate of J. M. Armstrong are hereby notified that I will sit to receive claims against said estate, from November the 2th to December 1st, 1894, at the store-house of W. P. Odham & Co., in Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Notice is also hereby given that I have already given a list of the claims heretofore presented and allowed against said estate, in the Montgomery County Court.

J. W. BRIDGEMAN.

Assignee of J. M. Armstrong. 15-4t

Those receiving money from the New Farmers Bank should call on T. F. Rogers, Agent Safety Building & Loan Company, for safe investments 14-5t

Henry Watson Held Over.

The examining trial of Henry Watson, charged with an assault on Mayor Albin Baum, was held before Judge Ben R. Turner on Friday, and Watson was held in the sum of \$500 to await the action of the grand jury. 14-5t



IT FLOATS

BEST FOR SHIRTS.

THE PROCTOR & GAMBLE CO. CHICAGO.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters
If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally unwell, have no appetite, and can't begin to undertake the most trifling exertions, take Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles will cure you, and you will feel like a new man.

It Cures
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine. It has crossed the ocean in the wrapper. All others are adulterations. The receipt of two stamps will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and brochure.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

JOHN C. WOOD, BROWN CHEMICAL CO.

WOOD & CORNELISON,

Fire Insurance, Real Estate and Loan Agents.

Represent some of the best Fire Companies and the best Loan Companies doing business in Kentucky. They will insure your property, lend you money or sell or rent your property.

Office, Fitzer Block, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Wood's Phosphodine.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

It is a powerful and permanent remedy for all forms of Nervous Weakness, Indigestion, and all other ailments of the system. It is the only remedy of its kind in the world. It is sold in thousands of bottles in the United States and in every part of the world. It is the only remedy of its kind in the world. It is sold in thousands of bottles in the United States and in every part of the world.

Before and After. See how it works. It is the only remedy of its kind in the world. It is sold in thousands of bottles in the United States and in every part of the world.

That splendid two-story block, coal, feed and grain stand on West High street, for rent. Apply to T. F. Rogers. 14-5t

W. H. Sell for the cash a nice cottage house in a splendid neighborhood. Apply to Wm. A. Samuels, 16-4t or A. R. Ratliff.

HOOD'S DRY GOODS
HOOD'S SARAPARILLA is the medicine for you. Because it is the best blood purifier. HOOD'S CURES



The Ladies who wear our Dresses are surrounded by admirers wherever they go.

Send for our Catalogue.

The styles are not much changed from what you saw last season, only the goods are better, living better made, and free wool enables our manufacturers to do away with shoddy; the result being that our customers get better value for the money spent than ever before.

Many plain fabrics will be used such as Henrietta, Serges, Whitecloth, Tantercloth, Broadcloth, Ottoman Cord, etc.; and in rough effects we have great variety, from Domestic Pure Wool Suiting at 48c a yard, to the Finest Imported Novelties, at \$10 a pattern. Tailor-made costumes will be more worn than ever before, and we have taken great pains to secure the best goods for this purpose, and in addition to the Storm Serges and Broadcloths spoken of above, we carry every quality of Covert Cloths beginning at 85c for 50-inch goods, then \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50. Also satin Berber's Satin, solid Silk mixed diagonals are made the same way, though many prefer to trim these goods with Velvet, or with Fancy Silks. We submit the following prices on

BROADCLOTHS:

50 in. wide, all shades,	\$ 1.00
50 in. " " "	.50
52 in. " " "	1.50
54 in. " " "	2.00
56 in. " " "	2.50
58 in. " " "	3.00

STORM SERGES.

36 inches, Pure Wool,	.40
40 " " "	.50
44 " " "	.65
48 " " "	.75
54 " " "	1.00
and a special value at 1.25	

NAVY and LOCK CRAVATINE (water proof), 60 inches wide \$1.75.

CASHMERE:
No stock is complete without Cashmires, and when 30 in. French goods at 65c; 40 in. 75c; 46 in. at \$1.00 and \$1.25.

COTTON MIXED GOODS.
In addition to the Pure Wool Rough Effects, at 45c, 50c and 60c, that are so popular, we have a Cotton Mixed Goods made to our order, which we do not hesitate to endorse, as they are much stronger, the colors are just as good, and being finer made, will give better satisfaction than cheap All-wool; the price will be 45c and 50c for 40 inch wide.

The Stewart Dry Goods Co., NEW YORK STORE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Richard Punch was in Lexington Sunday.

Mr. Howard Anderson spent Sunday in Owingsville.

The Y. M. C. A. will entertain at their rooms to-morrow evening.

Miss Anna Johnson is the guest of Miss Macie White, of Paris.

Mrs. Eliza Robinson and family visited in Lexington last week.

R. M. Burbridge and N. R. Ratliff spent Sunday in Sharpsburg.

Miss Maggie Holcomb and Julia Walsh spent Sunday in Lexington.

Little Earl Ford is visiting his grandfather, J. J. Jones near Sharpsburg.

Mrs. C. W. Nesbitt and Miss Lula Lane spent from Friday to Sunday in Lexington.

Robert Wilson continues quite sick but is improving and hopes to be out very soon.

Miss Lida Burroughs returned Saturday from Louisville and reports her sister much better.

Miss Annie Ott, of Trouton, O., is visiting Misses Cora Kelly and Agnes Walsh in the city.

Col. W. L. Laine Thomas of Mayville is in the city visiting his friend Judge H. R. French.

F. Schwaninger, of Richmond, is in the city on business. Mr. Schwaninger's many friends were glad to see him.

Mr. D. C. Jones returned to his home in Kansas last week, after several months stay with relatives here.

At Grayson on the night of election Louis Kitchen, aged sixty-eight years, dropped dead just as he was leaving the polls, where he had acted all day as a judge.

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In another column will be found an advertisement of Wood & Cornelison, real-estate, insurance, and building and loan agents. These gentlemen are bidding for business in this and adjoining counties and no one knows better than John C. Wood how much help the advertising columns of the Advocate is to business men. Mr. Wood was an active newspaper man and he will be in the procession with those representing his kind of business.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Most all of the cattle feeders are having their cattle de-horned.

Miss Nanette Scobee, of Winchester, is visiting Miss Florence King.

Miss Callie Morris, of Mo., is visiting the family of J. T. Donovon.

Several farmers have taken advantage of the cold weather and killed hogs.

Misses Emma and Fannie Mason visited Mrs. J. C. Ramsay, of Winchester last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles and John Gifford, of New York visited the family of G. W. Palmer last week.

On Thursday evening at 4 o'clock, at the home of Mr. J. T. Donovon Miss Nanette Owings and Mr. R. A. Mason will be married. Rev. J. J. Johnson officiating.

The election passed off quietly into Republicanism last Tuesday at Grassie Lick with the help of a few men who claimed to be Democrats, and a few Democrats, who were defeated in the last primary. There were also about thirty good Democrats who did not know how to vote, they made their cross in the small square opposite Kendall's name instead of placing it under the rooster. Their intentions were good. The negroes were all well drilled they knew exactly how to place their mark.

The news from the Japanese-Chinese war is all one way. The Japs keep driving the demoralized Chinese before them. The latest report says they have captured Port Arthur a Chinese stronghold. Still another item says the United States has been appealed to by the Chinese to arbitrate in matter at issue and save this nation from utter destruction.

Mr. David Bell died in her home in Nicholasville Sunday. Mrs. Bell was the mother of Mrs. Mary V. Young, this city.

HORSE AND TRACK.

There are now two trotters and eight pacers in the 2:05 list.

The three-year-old colt Rio Alto by Palo Alto cut his record to 2:16 at San Jose, Cal.

Lord Russell, the full brother to Maud S., 2:08 1/2, has three sons that have produced speed this year.

Age records for this year: Adbell (1), 2:23; Impetuous (2), 2:15 1/2; Onocoma (3), 2:14 1/2; Fantasy (4), 2:06.

Dancourt 2:16 1/2 by Ambassador was sold at the New York sale for \$2100. He was purchased by E. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y.

Sidney has put fourteen new ones in the 2:30 list this year. This makes fifty-two in the list of the three-year-old sire.

Salisbury says that in order to become great, a horse requires three things: a great sire, a great dam, and a good man to develop him.

The results of the horse sales in New York City were more encouraging to breeders than any that have been held during the year.

It is a fact worthy of note that the two fastest sons of Onward are out of Dictator mares. They are Gazette 2:09 and Box American 2:11 1/2.

J. T. Woodford, city, who stands at the head of saddle horse breeders in his state sold last week eleven head of mares and fillies to J. R. Oughton of Dwight, Ill. for \$1800 for the lot. This is a good price as most of the stock were yearlings and two-year-olds.

William Simpson of New York paid \$1200 for the seven-year-old brown mare Barona by Baron Wilkes, out of the dam of Axtell, at the New York sale Saturday. He also purchased the two-year-old filly Elipsa by Allerton, out of the dam of Axtell. She cost him \$500.

The value of a horse depends upon what he can earn or upon how much pleasure he can give his owner. To many, speed on the road is more desirable than racing, as a lively brush is more delightful than a trip to the races, where you are apt to get beaten, and lose a few dollars at the same time.

At the sale of trotters in New York last week horses sold at good prices which shows that the market is improving. H. L. & F. D. Stout of Dubuque, Iowa sold thirty-four head at an average of \$515.50 per head. A consignment of forty-six head from Palo Alto brought \$37,480, an average of \$814.78. The closing out sale of the Ka'mazoo stud, 64 head brought \$44,605, an average per head of \$697.

James B. Riley left on Saturday night for New Orleans with a carload of trotting horses, which he will dispose of at private sale. They were owned mostly by Mr. O. P. Alford, while some of them were his own property. They were the produce of Judge Salisbury, Barney Wilkes, and Hambrino Wilkes. Mr. Riley expects to find a good market for them—Stock Farm.

When asked how it was that he kept his horses in racing condition so long each season, Monroe Salisbury said the only explanation he could give was that he kept them at it so steadily that they did not forget how. Continuing he said: "I feel better myself when the weather begins to grow cool, and I judge my horses by myself, so race them as late as the weather will permit. Most of the boys pack up and go home as soon as the nights begin to get cool."

Our horsemen should look up their fancy double teams, as there is no longer there is a good demand for them in the East, and the demand seems to be on the increase. One gentleman wrote one of our horsemen that he had sold nine teams within the past two weeks and felt sure that he could sell at least fifteen more during the present month. If you can make up a favor pair, it will justify you to do so at once—Stock Farm.

WANTED! WANTED!

Live Geese, Ducks, Old Hens and Roosters, Hides, Furs, Tallows, Beezaws, Feathers and Ginseng, for which I will pay the highest cash price.

E. T. REIS.

Save Money.

By calling and examining my stock of Lap Robes and Horse Blankets.

16-21 Chas. Reis the Saddler.



Run Down

That Tired Feeling—Severe Headaches, No Appetite

Six Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Bring Back New Life.

"C. I. Bond & Co., Lowell, Mass."

"Dear Sirs:—Before using Hood's Sarsaparilla I was frequently sick and did not know what was the matter with me. One day I would feel so tired I could hardly stand, the next I would have a severe headache and so on, not knowing what the matter was. I would bring forth I did not have any appetite and I was run down."

Now Enjoy Good Health.

I tried a good many medicines but they did me no good. Having heard a great deal about Hood's Sarsaparilla I decided to try a bottle. I am glad to say I soon felt better. I have now used six bottles and feel as well as ever. It has been of great benefit to me as I have regained my appetite and

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

an excellent blood medicine. M. Symons, 85 Aqueduct Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Now Enjoy Good Health.

I can strongly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent blood medicine. M. Symons, 85 Aqueduct Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Hood's Pills not only, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. See.

Thos. Miserable Democrats.

It is hard to take defeat. Democrats are not feeling good. They did not know they had come to the end of the lane, where there was a turn. These things must come, and are generally unexpected.

We ask our friends not to grieve, but to turn their minds to business. Read Young & Hazelrigg's advertisement and buy a suit of clothes, hat, anything in their line. They are offering bargains.

Thos. Rayburn's residence burned Saturday night. Loss total.

Last Warning.

All persons who owe Public Graded School to District No. 1, city of Mt. Sterling, for the year 1893, are hereby notified that if the same is not paid within the month of November, 1894, I will proceed to sell property in order to make the same. I have granted all the time possible and exhausted myself in an effort to persuade the payment of this tax, and now, if it is not paid at once, I will positively sell property and make it.

JAS. W. GROVES, Collector.

16-31

For The Holidays.

Mrs. Kate O. Clark is adding some beautiful goods for the holidays. They will not be something to merely please the eye but will be useful and valuable. The line will be complete and there will be pre-cents for every one.

For Sale.

A good family horse.

16-21 R. M. SMITH.



HEART DISEASE!

Fluttering, No Appetite, Cold Not Sleep, Wind on Stomach.

"For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which fluttered almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and belch gas from my stomach until I thought that every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I could not sleep a moment without feeling. My husband induced me to try

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

and am happy to say it has cured me. I now have a splendid appetite and sleep well. Its effect was truly marvelous."

Mrs. HARRY E. STARR, Potteryville, Pa.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it. 6 bottles for \$5, or it will be sent prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

THE PEOPLE WANT

CLOTHING, HATS, etc.

AND WANT THEM CHEAP.

THAT IS THEY WANT

A SUIT OF CLOTHES

AT A BARGAIN, and the firm that keeps the best at the lowest prices is the one that holds the customers.



WE have the goods and at the prices. Ours are the best goods and none can sell cheaper. You can buy a suit, a hat or anything in our line at a BARGAIN.

Come and See Us.

YOUNG & HAZELRIGG

MAIN STREET, MT. STERLING, KY.

SHIP YOUR PRODUCE TO

KIRKPATRICK & JOHNSON

1011 Liberty St. Pittsburg, Pa.

AND YOU WILL RECEIVE

The Highest Cash Prices!

—THEY EITHER—

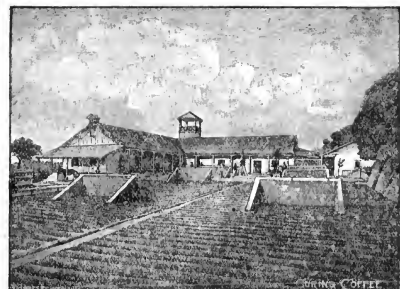
Buy Outright

OR HANDLE ON COMMISSION

Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Poultry, Apples, Potatoes, Grain, HIDES, ETC., ETC.

CAR LOTS A SPECIALTY.

SEND FOR OUR PRICE LIST.



SCENE ON A COFFEE PLANTATION **CHASE & SANBORN.**

OUR COFFEES HAVE A NATIONAL REPUTATION REPRESENTING THE FINEST GROW.

SEAL BRAND COFFEE JAVA and MOCHA, in its richness and delicacy of flavor. Justly called The Aristocrat of Coffee of America. Always packed in 1 and 2 lb. cans.

Served Exclusively at the World's Fair.

FREE. A perfect Art Album containing 24 beautiful photographs representing Tea and Coffee culture will be sent on receipt of your address.

CHASE & SANBORN, 85 & 87 BROAD ST., BOSTON.

Chiles-Thompson Grocery Co.

Sole Agents for Eastern Kentucky.

Call and see

THOS. KENNEDY,

The Leading Druggist.

The best of everything at reasonable prices.

Geo. O. O. Howard has been placed on the retired list of the army.

The Republicans swept the country Tuesday. The Trusts put up the price of sugar Thursday.—Courier-Journal.

Michael Kelly, better known as "King Keli," the famous ball player, died Thursday of pneumonia at Boston.

Dr. Talmage has again resigned charge of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. It is said he will go into the evangelistic work.

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A Fire Insurance Policy

EXECUTED by the least responsible man in the country will answer every purpose until a fire occurs, then comes the trouble; but if you want insurance that protects at all times insure with

A. HOFFMAN,

The leading Insurance Agent of Eastern Kentucky.

AUTHOR'S SLIPS.

Amusing Errors That Have Been Made by Many Famous Writers.
Some one has been looking the readers of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat about the errors of which well-known authors are guilty in their books—errors in history, philosophy, astronomy, geography, everything. Read what he says:

Shakespeare speaks of King John and his barons as fighting with cannon, whereas these instruments of destruction were then entirely unknown; he causes one character to mention printing 300 years before the time of Gutenberg and another to allude to striking clocks in the days of Julius Cæsar; he mentions a billiard table as part of the furniture of Cleopatra's summer palace and causes Hector to quote Aristotle; he makes ridiculous blunders in geography, giving supporters to Bohemia, an island country, and speaking of Delphos as an island.

In a popular novel of recent date the author decided to kill his victim with consumption and then gave him all the symptoms of pneumonia. Wilkie Collins avoids blunders of this kind by a curious, practical method. When he wished to use sickness as a means of promoting the plot of his story, he interviewed the family physician on the subject.

The "Count of Monte-Cristo" is full of slips that could have occurred only through the author's forgetfulness. The fortune with which he endows his hero is enormous, being about \$4,000,000 to begin with, and after years of the most reckless expenditure, after money has been scattered with both hands and in lavish prodigal fashion, the author assures his readers in calm forgetfulness of the amount with which he started the count on his career that the remainder is upward of \$10,000,000.

Thackeray, who was exceedingly anxious to get everything right, was perpetually getting everything wrong. Any reader who takes the pains to examine critically the works of the great English satirist will find innumerable blunders, arising for the most part simply from carelessness. The names are omitted, the hero is sometimes called by the name of one of the other characters, and in at least one place an important personage is called by a name from another novel. This is Philip Firmin, who he called Glen Swinburn. Nor was this his worst blunder, for in another story he killed and buried old Lady Low and later brought her again on the scene to round off a corner of the story.

George Eliot, whose knowledge of science is highly commended, in "The Mill on the Floss" makes the old blunder of flowing the boat overland in midstream by a mass of drift floating at a more rapid rate than the frail craft, a physical impossibility.

More than one astronomer has pointed out the mistakes Charles Rado has perpetrated in astronomy and geography. Rado made not only the only stunner in this particular. Howells sometimes makes a parade of his knowledge and in one place in "Satanstoe" alludes to the "rank and file" as synonymous with officers and men. The same error occurs in "Pansylvania" as a frozen desert plain, a blunder that might be excused on the score of the ignorance prevailing in his time, and, for that matter, ever since, in England, of American matters, while Amelia B. Edwards, in "Hans and Gretchen," mentions "an overcross on a Massachusetts cotton plantation."

Between Grief and Riot.

The men engaged in losing oil lands have some funny experiences. The other day one of these hustlers was taking dinner with an old granger near Bakersburg. The farmer owned a valuable piece of land, and the oil man was very anxious to secure it. He understood the owner was very pious, and the Pittsburg guard his conversation to give no offense.

When the meal was announced, they sat around the table, and the farmer delivered his usual lengthy prayer of thanks. A large Newfoundland dog perched himself between the old man's feet, and, evidently annoyed him while he was saying grace by licking his hands. The oil man, who was impressed with the farmer's piety, asked him off his chair when the granger, having finished grace, turned to him and said, with some anger, "John, if you don't tie up that dog—d—d, I will kill it!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Belgian Shopkeepers.

Belgian shopkeepers generally are dealers in miscellaneous goods. One man in a small way, for instance, sells beer, foreign stanzas, fruit, cotton, linens, penknives and second-hand linen. Everywhere one finds a mania for glaring lights. One evening, when I was out, I saw a tremendous light in the distance, and I thought it must surely be an advertisement for a new kind of lamp. When I got nearer, I found that the light merely conveyed the intelligence that sardines were sold on the premises!—Family Magazine.

HE WANTED INFORMATION.

And the Butcher Heard His Story and Supplied It to Him.

"Is raw beef good for a black eye?" he asked as he entered a butcher shop on Michigan avenue.

"Is he a good fellow, good thing," replied the butcher. "Take off the bandkerchief and let me see. Phew! but you got a hard one, didn't you?"

"I was unconscious for 10 minutes after the fellow hit me. I came about four pounds of new material."

"You don't want over a pound at once. A fellow hit you, eh?"

"He did. He just laid off and drew in his breath and jumped on the blow. I thought I had been struck by a thunderbolt. Cut the meat pretty thick."

"I suppose you were talking politics?" queried the butcher as he sharpened his knife.

"No, sir—never talk politics."

"But you had a dispute?"

"No, sir—never dispute. If a man don't believe as I do, I let him believe as he wants to."

"Maybe you called him a liar?" persisted the butcher as he cut at the meat.

"No, sir—never called a man a liar in my life. Better make that two pounds. You see, I was down to the depot to see a friend, and I met a man with yaller eyes. Ever see a man with yaller eyes, same as a cat?"

"I don't think I ever did."

"Nor I either. Struck me as rather curious. I spoke to a fellow about it, and he said it also struck him as rather curious. A fellow with cat's eyes ought to be able to see in the dark, hadn't he?"

"I should think so."

"So should I. I spoke to another fellow about it, and he said he would not either. If you'd bin there, would you have asked the yaller-eyed man if he could see in the dark?"

"Why, yes, I think so."

"Thank you, I thought I was the only fool in Michigan, and it consoles me to find a partner! I put the question to him, and the depot, and a wheat elevator, and a warehouse all hit me the eye at once, and when I recovered consciousness yaller eyes had departed on the train. Better make that 10 pounds, for I can feel my whole face aching, and I'll see it clear down to the chin!"—Detroit Free Press.

French "Halls."

The number of phases of the class which we call "Irish bulls," but which are found in polite works not written by Irishmen, is very large indeed. A novel which was recently crowned by the Académie Française possessed of unusual merit contained a sentence of which the following is a translation:

"It was midnight. A man who lay in a couch listened to his conversation, but suddenly a dense, dark cloud passed in front of the moon and prevented him from hearing more."

Here is another phrase, written in full earnest by a master of French criticism. "It was one of those duels in which one of the blades literally buries itself in the heart of the other."

A criticism in a French journal came up as a dramatic performance lately called with these words, which are worthy of Sir Doyle's touch:

"Monsieur Judic's talent is like the path on which he travels, and instead of thrusting the scalpel into it, for if you do these will remain naught but a plain of ashes at the bottom of the alembic."

Another French journal in speaking of the results of certain false reports declared:

"This is the handwork of evil tongues, manipulated by cruel hands; Youth's Companion."

The Flying Turk.

In Knudsen's "History of the Turks" there is an eloquent account of a flying man, whose feat was part of the amusement provided for the visit of the Turkish sultan to the Greek emperor in 1117. He was to fly a flag from the top of a high tower, on which he appeared in a long and light white garment in many plates devised for the gathering of the wind.

He hovered on the battlement, unwilling to venture into the winds so tossed element, and not until the immense throng of spectators grew impatient and began to shout, "Fly, Turk, fly!" did he take flight. Instead of mounting aloft he came tumbling down and broke every bone in his body. During the 500 years that have intervened this actor has been dead. The Swedish criminal condemned to death was offered by his servants of the day the alternative of trying his luck with wings from the top of a steeple, and he came down in perfect safety, but that again was not flying, but falling.

Why Is It?

"Did you ever notice," said an observant young man, "that men as a rule run down the heels of their shoes on the inside, while women run them down on the outside? He was asked to explain the reason, but said he had no reason, as he only mentioned it as being singular, with no means of explanation.—Buffalo Times.

A Man of Honor.

The thistle does not sting if it be firmly grasped. The ghost runs away when he walks straight up to it.

When Louis Napoleon was president of the French republic, the commandant at Lyons was General Castellane, an old soldier, whose stern rule kept in check the Red Republicans of what is called the "city." It was a time when courage on the part of the people might have spared the French nation from the long humiliation of the second empire. Unfortunately for them, the nerve was lost on the side of the man who afterward became emperor, and the Republicans could boast much, but do little.

One of the most radical and boisterous of the Republicans of Lyons was a barber, who openly boasted that he only waited for the opportunity of riding the city of its stern commander.

The general heard of the threat, and one afternoon ordered his coachman to drive to the barber's shop. Leaving his carriage, the general, unattended, entered the shop, took a seat in a vacant chair and desired the barber to shave him. The astonished bargarr performed the operation as well as his nervousness would permit. When he had finished, the general, while paying him, quietly said:

"Monsieur, since you have not availed yourself of the opportunity to cut my throat with that razor, you would it not be well for you to refrain from uttering threats that you have not the courage to carry out?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

He Showed Them How.

Captain J. R. Kenly, in his "Memoirs of a Maryland Volunteer," describes with evident satisfaction a little scene in the city of Jalapa during the Mexican war. The United States troops were in garrison in the town. Everything was quiet, and the inhabitants and the soldiers were on very good terms. One day the captain noticed a soldier looking with great interest at some native mans lying brick. They were at work upon a platform elevated perhaps a dozen feet from the ground, up to which a man was carrying mortar upon his head on a square board instead of a wheel.

The masons dug immediately in front of the wall they were constructing, placed each brick separately on the bed, saw a plumb line square, etc., to see that each brick was correctly aligned and occupied as much time in laying half a dozen bricks as an American mechanic would use in laying a hundred.

"Captain," said the soldier, "may I go up and show those men how to work?"

"Certainly, if you are a bricklayer." He mounted the platform, one of the Mexicans gave him his trowel, and he went to work, the Mexicans looking on with the greatest interest and admiration. No doubt they profited by the lesson.

Manna.

Few know that manna is a species of gum which exudes from the ash-tree true manna ash is the Fraxinus ornus. It is a beautiful tree and has much handsome flowers than any other ash. In some parts of Italy trees are planted especially for these substances which they yield, just as in some parts of our country the sugar maple is planted for its sugar. The ash tree is a native of about 10,000 years old. A transverse cut is made about one-third of the circumference of the tree, a number of these transverse cuts being made above the other. As many as six cuts are frequently made in one large trunk.

In some countries where manna is collected it is used as a preservative, just as is the case of collecting the maple sugar, but where these cuts are made the gum runs down the trunk and hardens. The following season cuts are made above those of the previous year. After this has been three years in progress the stems are cut down and the new crop of shoots left to get natural. Some times, however, the stems are left standing four years before being finally cut away.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Eugenie and the List.

In one of the letters of the late Octave Feuillet to his widow, recently published in Paris, there is an interesting anecdote of the Empress Eugenie. At Fontainebleau one evening, while the empress was sitting down to a party of which the emperor was one, a bat flew in at the window, and a gentleman promptly knocked it down with a cane. At Eugenie's request the strange creature was brought to her and laid on her desk. The empress began to fondle the bat, stroking its repulsive breast with her delicate fingers and stretching out its wings. Then she opened its mouth, thrust a straw in and blew into its lungs to reanimate it. "But the love best month in the world was born," says Feuillet, and a crowd of people to say that "the bat, to be immortal, must be dead indeed."—New York World.

More Important.

First Drummer—Hang the luck! The first has set me only one of my two cheeks to the wall.

Second Drummer—Which one did they forget? Your salary?

First Drummer—No, confound it! They left out the check for my expense account.—Somerville Journal.

BURIED SPOILS OF PIRATES.

Story of a Find Made on an Island Off the Virginia Coast.

The traditions of treasures buried by the pirates Kidd, Lafitte and Blackbeard gave a romantic interest to the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to Georgia. Thousands of men have searched for these buried chests of gold, but there is authentic record of only two "finds," one on the New England coast, the other in Virginia. The latter case is said to have furnished Poo with the foundation of his story of the "Gold Bug." The facts are briefly these:

In the Atlantic ocean, lying off the Virginia coast, there are two or three heavily wooded islands.

One of these was the resort of Blackbeard and was called by his name—Tooth. A neighboring island belonged a century ago to a wealthy woman on the mainland. It was a wilderness, which never had been inhabited but by foxes, wild ducks and other game. A trusty old slave, Ben, was placed by her in a cabin on the beach to bring her occasionally game and fish. One day, while walking on the shore, Ben saw a yellow gleam in the sand. It came from a gold coin. He searched along the beach and found a rusty iron box, one of which had fallen out.

When Ben found a box of coins with crosses and silver crucifixes. The old man went to his cabin and brought an empty salt bag, which he filled with the coins. He then dragged a heap of brush over the chest to conceal it, set up a broken sapling to mark the place and started for the mainland to give the treasure to his mistress.

Tradition says that Mrs. Hetty was a hard, suspicious woman, and that when the trusty old negro gave her the mass of coin her joy was equalled by her terror that he would rob her of the great treasure which he had left behind. A heavy storm came for five days. It was impossible for her to make the voyage to the island in an open boat, and she would not trust Ben, nor even her brother or son, to go with her. At the end of the week the sea was calm enough for her to cross, but the sapling, the brush and the chest had disappeared. An unbroken stretch of sand covered the whole coast. Ben could not find the spot then nor ever after. His mistress, it is said, kept him in the search as long as she lived, aiding him herself, but in vain. Some of the gamblers who have visited the island have also searched for Mrs. Hetty's chest, but it never has been found. Nothing is certain but the fact that the bag of coin was brought to her and that the touch of the gold and her suspicious and her greed made her life wretched to the end.

The poor fishermen said they understood the moral of her story. When any of their number grows covetous, they say that he has "rubbed his hands against Mrs. Hetty's iron chest."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A New Use For the Mustache.

It appears that there are uses for the mustache after all. Travelers in Syria and Egypt find it expedient to wait until their mustaches have grown to a sufficient length to defend their mouths against the administration of the burning sands on the desert. The principle upon which appendage would be of service to laborers in all dusty trades, such as millers, bakers, masons, etc., the dust being prevented by this natural respirator from finding its way into the lungs. The superstitious miners of the French army, who are remarkable for the size and beauty of their boards, enjoy a special immunity against bronchial affections. In cases, too, where the organs are so constantly used as to induce inflammation from overwork, as with singers, clergymen, etc., the protection of the beard and mustache is the best means to employ as preventive of such injury.—London Standard.

Dundel's Strange Admirer.

Alphonse Dundel said recently: "For the last 15 years every three months I have received a letter from a pencil from the same man, who evidently is a great traveler, for his notes bear all the stamps of the world. He tells me that he trains animals to procure my amusement, and then lets them go. When it snows he spends his time writing 'Alphonse Dundel' with the end of his cane, and I have never been able to find out who he is."

The King of Anna's Wives.

The king of Anna has about 100 wives, who are divided into nine classes, according to the station of life in which they were born. Five of them act as his assistant personal attendants, and one of their most important duties is the care of his majesty's finger nails, which are as long as the fingers themselves.

She Hoped to Die.

"I take it that you are one of the few unconverted women," said the first passenger.

"No, not yet," was the answer. "By the way, can you tell me whether this train goes straight through to Sioux Falls, or do I change cars?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

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DUPLICATE STREETS.

Boston Appears to Be the Chief Sinner Among Cities in This Regard.

There are 3,340 streets and avenues in Boston against 1,080 in New York. Directors searching in the other large postoffices of the United States is a snap compared to what it is in the Hub.

It may be interesting to know that in Boston there are 465 genuine duplicates of street names, over twice as many as can be found together in the directories of the four great cities of London, Paris, New York and Chicago, with a total of 18 times the number of streets in Boston.

In Paris there are some 90 duplicates, 130 in London, 3 in New York and none in Chicago so far as can be found in the directory.

Philadelphia comes nearest the Hub in this matter of duplicate names of streets, that city being able to boast of some 200.

The clerks in the federal building in Boston, inventing all manner of schemes to aid their memory in the present street nomenclature. Recently Superintendent Field hit upon the plan of dividing the streets of the Back Bay in a sort of alphabetical jangle, and the clerks sing them to tune. This is the way they go: Arlington, Berkeley, Clarendon, Dartmouth, Exeter, Fairfield, Gloucester, Haverford, Albemarle, Blackwood, Cumberland, Durham, Follen, Gainsboro, Harcourt, Irvington.

East Boston is the most noted district of the city for its streets with unusual names. There are the poets Addison, Byron, Chaucer, Homer, Milton, Moore and Pope, and the painters Hogarth, Kneller, Reynolds, Van Dyke.

Everett, Sumner, Webster, three American statesmen are found there, and these battles of the Revolution: Lexington, Bennington, Eutaw, Monmouth, Princeton, Saratoga, Trenton. Some are named after great cities of the world: Bremen, Hamburg, Havre, Liverpool, London, Orleans, Paris. The Condor, Eagle and Falcon must be remembered by the postmen, and these generals: Brooks, Decatur, Marion, Porter, Prescott, Putnam.

Just before each batch of misdirected letters is turned over to the directory searchers they are passed upon by an expert clerk, one who has been in the service longest and one who will come nearest to remembering all the numbers of firms, their changes, transfers and present whereabouts.—Exchange.

What is "Bettencourt?"

There has been a great deal of potter of late about "bettencourt," and it has come to be commonly understood that for the time being at least the principle is to be indulgent to our friends across the Atlantic. But, according to some remarks which recently appeared in a London evening paper, comment on the evidence given before the house of lords' committee on betterment, by General Viole, formerly a member of the United States congress, such is not the case.

In replying to one of the questions put to him by the committee, General Viole stated that "betterment" is not an American word; neither is "worsement." The word used in America is "benefit," not "betterment." "We were all under the impression that the word was of transatlantic origin," remarked the Marquis of Salisbury. "Then you were all wrong," answered the general. "The word is not to be found in the English language current in America." As this word will most likely become exceedingly popular in the course of time and will probably occupy the attention of some future lexicographer, it is as well perhaps to chronicle the above information.—Notes and Queries.

Scottish Ambition.

His pushing ambition is another of the commonplace criticisms in respect of the Scot. Apropos of this the oft quoted or misquoted remark of Johnson at a metropolitan tavern naturally comes up. "Sir, the noblest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees is the highroad that leads him to London." And were the great "boss-head of sense" and among us now no cause would he have to withdraw the observation, for the exodus of successful barristers, doctors, artists and business men from the "Land of Chieftains" to the great southern metropolis is unnecessary, and the Scot's determination to better himself has generally gone hand in hand with his efforts to acquire knowledge.—Scottish Review.

Bicycles and Shoe Sales.

In talking with a shoe dealer he advanced a strange idea during the following conversation: "I tell you bicycles hurt the shoe business, and the more bicycles are sold the less number of shoes will be disposed of." "How do you make that out?" "Why, it is plain to see that people don't walk so much since bicycles came into common use. It is the people who walked before that ride bicycles now."—Hartford Post.

Mexican Mud Pies.

We have all, as children, made mud pies, but the children at a hot spring at Gaudalupe, Mexico, cook them, eat them and, besides that, make pocket money by selling them to tourists as souvenirs. A peculiar yellow clay is found there, and the natives say that the mud pies made of it by the children are not ill flattered. They speak from the recollections of childhood, though, I think, as I never saw an adult eat them. There is an interesting legend connected with the spring. It is said to have been of miraculous origin. An aged pilgrim, footsore, weary and hungry, lay down to rest where the spring now is. He had not a morsel to eat for three days, and there was no village, or house even, for many miles.

A rabbit had been caught in a thicket even as the goat was that said Abraham's hand. There was no means of preparing it for food, however. The pilgrim had the faith that moves mountains. Planting his foot in the yielding soil, he stood up and prayed for succor. A spring gushed out, as the water did from the rock when Moses smote it with his rod, only this spring was hot and water. The pilgrim said he cooked the rabbit. He bathed his weary limbs in the water which he caught in a gourd and then allowed to cool, and there found that the water had healing properties, for the bleeding wounds on his feet, sustained in his pilgrimage, were made well. The pilgrim afterward became a noted saint, adored to this day in the Mexican calendar, and the hot spring has never ceased to flow.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Artificial Eardrums.

It appears that very satisfactory results have been obtained from the use of the new and improved artificial tympanum some time since brought to notice. It is stated that in many cases of chronic middle ear disease marked benefit has followed the insertion of the device into the meatus, though the most striking successes have occurred in patients laboring under perforation of the membrana tympani, the artificial drumhead proving satisfactory, being also sometimes extremely useful in cases of accommodative loss from alterations in the contents of the tympanum, in which the eustachian tube was unobstructed and the naso-pharynx fairly healthy.

The immediate improvement in the hearing power is an important fact in this case, the intensity of the so-called vibrations being at once increased, and sounds are clearly defined which before appeared to be only confusion. The sensibility, too, of the organ is so magnified and the scope of hearing so much changed that the patient does not appear deaf during conversation. Others, again, laboring under perforation, but without serious deafness, use them as protectors with decided comfort, in which cases the artificial drumhead forming a screen between the middle ear and external meatus and acting as an efficient shield during exposure.—Philadelphia Record.

The Ice Cream Diet.

A report in one of the medical journals from a well known physician of recovery in three cases of gastric ulcer following a diet of ice cream revives attention to the beneficence of this diet in certain forms of dyspepsia. The first patient of the trio was a woman of 35, who had lost 25 pounds from inability to assimilate food and also suffered great pain. She was put on the ice cream diet, and for two months she consumed from one to three quarts daily. By the end of that time she had gained 21 pounds, and her ordinary diet was resumed.

The theory is that the healthy intestines recover first from the chill of the frozen food and do the digestive work, giving the diseased membrane rest and semi-insensibility, while the cream affords ample and excellent nourishment. Physicians who prescribe the diet are careful to avoid chemical flavorings and prefer, usually insist upon, the ice cream being made at home of pure materials and under the best conditions.

Mounting a Camel.

To mount a camel for the first time is for a Howard, until he gets the hang of it, a complicated and anxious process. The first risk is that the animal will rise while the rider is climbing into the saddle. This he will inevitably do if the attendant has forgotten to place his foot on the camel's knee. The novice having settled in the saddle, which is like a flat wooden tray on top of a hump, and taken a tight grip of the "horns," of which there is one in front and one behind, waits in suspense, wondering which end of the animal means to get up first. The action, when it does begin, is a violent sawing in three jerks, which impel him alternately in the direction of the head and tail, until, if he is lucky, he finds himself 10 feet from the ground.—Nineteenth Century.

Truly Memorable.

Small Son—Us boys is getting up a dog show, and I bet our Fido will win the prize. Father—Fido has no pedigree. Small Son—This isn't any European aristocracy affair. This is an American dog show.—Good News.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

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The Enquirer will continue to expose this unpardonable crime until right and justice are done the people by the full restoration of silver to its old companionship with gold. We need the assistance of the people in disseminating the truth, to which end we invite all in your selection of papers for the coming season to include the Enquirer, that costs only \$1.00 a year. (Issued twice a week.)

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
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